

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Hanlon

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A Silly Questionnaire

TWO FABLES IN SLANG :: By GEORGE ADE

The Visitor Who Got Plenty For Three Bucks

THE Learned Phrenologist sat in his Studio surrounded by Whiskers.

Now and then he put a Fore-finger to his Brow and glanced at the Mirror to make sure that he still resembled William Cullen Bryant.

Near him, on a table, was a Pallid Head made of Plaster-of-Paris and stickily ornamented with small Labels. On the wall was a Chart showing that the Orang-outang does not have Daniel Webster's facial angle.

"Was Barnum right?" asked the Learned Phrenologist, as he waited. "Is Science up against it or What?"

Then he heard the Thud of Heavy Feet and resumed his Imitation. The Door opened and there floated into the Room a tall, rangy Person with a Head in the shape of a Rocky Ford Cantaloupe.

Aroused from his Meditation, the Learned Phrenologist sized up the Stranger, as through a Glass, darkly, and pointed to a Red Plush Chair.

The Mark collapsed and the Great Man with more Whiskers than Darwin ever saw stood behind him and ran his Fingers over the Bean, Tarantula-Wise.

"Well, well!" said the L. P. "Enough Benevolence here to do a Family of Eight. Courage! I guess yes! Sergeant York's got the same kind of a Lump right over the Left Ear. Love of Home and Friends—like the Bridge behind a Bunker! Firmness—out of sight! Reverence—well, when it comes to Reverence, you're certainly There with the Goods! Conscientiousness, Hope, and Ideality—the Limit! And as for Metaphysical Penetration—oh, Say, the Metaphysical Penetration right where you part the Hair—oh, Laura! Say, you've got Charles Eliot Norton whipped to a Custard. I've got



"I can feel something," said the Human Being with a Rapt Smile.

my Hand on it now. You can feel it yourself, can't you?"

"I can feel something," replied the Human Being, with a rapt Smile.

"Wit, Compassion and Poetic Talent—right here where I've got my Thumb—a Cinch! I think you'll run as high as 98 per cent on all the Intellectual Faculties. In your Case we have a Rare Combination of Executive Ability, or the Power to Command and those Qualities of Benevolence and Ideality which contribute to the fostering of Permanent Religious Sentiment. I

don't know what your present Occupation is, but you ought to be President of a Theological Seminary. Kindly slip me Three Iron Boys before you take the Air."

The Tall Man separated himself from One Day's Pay and then went out and pushed People off the Sidewalk. He thought so well of Himself.

Thereafter, as before, he drove a Truck, but he was always glad to know that he could have been President of a Theological Seminary.

MORAL: A good folly is worth whatever it stands for.

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The Parents Who Tinkered With Their Offspring

A MARRIED COUPLE possessed two Boys named Joseph and Clarence. Joseph was much the older. His Parents brought him up on a Plan of their Own. They would not permit him to play with other Boys for fear that he would soil himself, and learn to be Rude and Boisterous.

So they kept Him in the House, and his Mother read to him about Little Rollo, who never lied or cheated, and who grew up to be a Bank President. She seemed to think that a Bank President was above Reproach.

Little Joseph was kept away from the Public Schools, and had to Play Games in the Garret with two Spindly Little Girls. He learned Tattling and the Herring-Bone Stitch. When he was Ten Years of age he could play Chop-Sticks on the Piano; his Ears were Translucent, and his Front Teeth showed like those of a Gray Squirrel.

The other Boys used to make Faces at him over the Back Fence and call him "Sis."

In Due Time he went to College, where he proved to be a Lobster. The Boys held him under the Pump the first Night. When he walked across the Campus they would whistle: "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard." He began to drink Home-made Gin Cocktails, and he smoked Hemp Cigarettes until he was Dotty. One Day he ran away with a Girl who waited on the Table at his Boarding House, and his Parents Cast him Off. At Present he has charge of the Cloak Room at a Dairy Lunch.

Seeing that the Home Training Experiment had been a Failure in the case of Joseph, the Parents decided to give Clarence a large Measure of Liberty, that he might become Acquainted with the Snares and Temptations of the World while he was Young, and thus be Prepared to sidestep the Pitfalls

SUPERSTITION.

I believe the number 13 is lucky. I love black cats and like to hear a dog howl at night. I take a devilish delight in planting parterry. I avail myself of every opportunity to walk under a ladder. I like to look at the new moon thru the trees. It would be joy to hear a cow low at night. I like to dream of fire and snakes. I love to be disappointed on Monday. But you gotta be optimistic.

MILO H.

"Boss, what State am de alimentary canal in?"

"Why, Sam, that depends on the kind of liquor that passes through it."

F. J. SCHWAB.

How are they keeping bread from going up? The bakers knead the dough. Although they put yeast in it they haven't been able to get a raise for some time.

K. C. L.

The fellow who doesn't agree with you is a Bolshevik. The man who thinks for himself and dares to reason for himself is a free thinker. PHILIP EBERT.

Disappointed lover—I'll get a revolver and blow my brains out. She—Don't go to that expense. Buy a pinch of snuff and sneeze. SOUBRETTE SUE.

QUITE TRUE. All things come to him who waits. But here's a rule that's slicker—The man who goes for what he wants will get it all the quicker. HAMMER-CHEWER.

Patient—Doctor, my hair's falling out. Tell me something to keep it in? Doctor—An old cigar box. CHEERUPADIST.

When he was Older. They sent him to the Public Schools; they allowed him to roam at large with other Kids, and stay out at Nights; they kept Home Brewed Hootch on the Sideboard.

Clarence stood in with the Toughest Push in Town, and thus became acquainted with the Snares and Temptations of the World. He learned to Chew Tobacco and Spit through his Teeth, shoot Craps and Play Golf, Pool for Jack.

When his Father suggested that he enter some Business House and become a Credit to the Family, he growled like a Boston Terrier and told his Father to go Chase Himself.

At present he is working the Shells with a Circus.

MORAL: It all depends.

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HEARD AND SEEN :: :: :: By BILL PRICE

A QUESTION?

If "Pollyanna" came from "Treasure Island" could she have been "Snow-bound"? Then, chaperoned by "Mistress Anne," she met "Lord Jim," and then, if they went to see the "Little Minister," would their "Romance" be ended? And if "The Light That Failed" had come on suddenly, could they have seen "Drifting" toward "The River's End," and would they have gotten "Back to God's Country?"

FATIMA.

CAN ANY ONE TELL WHY? A brooklet is a little brook. Courting down a shady dell, A brooklet is a little brook. Tales of love they tell; A streamlet is a little stream. Which reflects the summer sky— But a brooklet is not a little brook. Can anyone tell me why? BABE RUTH.

The chap who takes himself too seriously is generally a funny joke to every one else. JOE C.

BUSINESS TROUBLES. What's the use? There's something wrong with every kind of business. For instance: The Street Car business is "FARE," Spiritualism is "SEDIUM," the Tailor's business is "SEW," the Undertaker's is "DEAD," and the Old Ditch-digger is always in the hole. The old Shoemaker has to keep well heeled to save his sole and then gets waxed in the end. The Washwoman is always in the soak but is the only one along the line that is hanging out. The Baker is always rolling out, gets a lot of crust and always kneads the dough. The Cooper business is a staving good business, only you got to hoop her up all the time. MISTER.

HEALTH HINTS. Don't let this mild weather deceive you, it's pneumonia's sly plot to mislead you; if for life you don't care. Don your spring underwear—And a vault in Greenland will receive you. OHIO.

There are at least two things that will never happen: 1. When a cackle doesn't want a good-night kiss. 2. When a person doesn't sit in the parlor when we girls have gentlemen callers. FREDDIE.

Judge—So you and your wife had a few words? Prisoner—I had some, but I didn't get a chance to use them. P. NUTS.

Mary had a little cold. It started in her head. And everywhere that Mary went Her cold was sure to spread. She took it down to school one day. It was again the rules. And when the children began sneezing The tear drops ran in pools. JULES BACHENH.

When Adam asked for a helpmeet he did not receive a "bonanza" but a "bone answer." H. SMITH.

"Go away. I wouldn't have you touch me for a million dollars," said the richly dressed lady to the tramp.

"Aw, I wasn't going to touch you for a million," said Wear Willie. "I only wanted a dime." FLAVIUS.

A woman will resent all advice in selecting a husband, but will state several friends with her to pick out a hat. OSCAR B. F.

Here lies the body of Willie Pickens. Who made his money stealing chickens. Shed a few tears for Mary Mack. A trolley-car hit her a slap in the back. H. D. BILLINGS.

NOT SO CERTAIN. Father—Who sent you those flowers? Daughter—A certain young man. Father—(slightly irritated)—Certain? No man is certain until you have landed him. WARDMAN PARK.

There was a youth who loved a maid. (His name was Alexander). He wanted her to marry him— A ring did Alex-hand-her. So later they were truly wed. And when the folks the paper read, Referring to the twain, they said: "Why, there goes Alex-and-her. COUNT DE CHANGE.

ARE WOMEN "LEFT-HEADED?" Some queer questions are asked through H and S, and this one submitted by A. L. W. and C. L. is one of them: MISTER.

Why are 99 per cent of women "left-headed?" We mean that when they are walking on the street and a man is going toward them from the opposite direction, they will turn to the left instead of the right. Watch it and it will occur nine times out of ten. The rule of keeping to the right should prevail everywhere.

He (to knock-kneed girl)—"Your father wasn't a very good Santa Claus to you, was he?" She—"Why wasn't he?" He—"Well, just look what he put in your stockings." GOLDIE.

GRAMMAR OF A KISS. A kiss is a NOUN, because it names something; a VERB, because it takes an OBJECT; a PREPOSITION, because it shows RELATION; a CONJUNCTION, because it connects; a PERSONAL PRONOUN; present or future TENSE; PLURAL, MASCULINE and FEMINE gender. It is more COMPLEX than PROPER; often AGREED, seldom DECLINED. OO-LA-LA.

RHYMITIS, A SPRING DISEASE. Rhymitis is most prevalent in spring. It is diagnosed by an eminent authority as an affection peculiar to the genus homo. The symptoms vary according to the severity of the attack. In mild cases there is only a slight tendency toward rhythmic linguistic manipulation. In its most severe form it is designated as poetitis which often proves fatal, owing to the fact that the victim refrains from partaking of the elements that sustain life, as said victim is chronically financially indisposed. If he survives, he sometimes looks natural but seldom does one become a hard-headed business man. MARIONESS.

A LIQUID LOVE. A mother loves her baby. It's natural that she should. A horseman loves his horse. And always treats them good. But the greatest love in the world. Even greater than that of a mother, is the wondrous affection shown by one old souze for another. WHEN THE OTHER HAS BOOZE. BUCK.

THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT IT. The earth will fall into the sun in a few million years, but WHY WORRY ABOUT IT? S. M. FOSS once poetically predicted that the earth will become too small for the human race in these lines: "The earth will be crowded so much, without doubt, That there won't be room for one's tongue to stick out. No room for one's thoughts to wander about; And people will worry about it." EUMIDES BELUS.

MALE-FEMALE. Man buys a hat to fit his head. Woman buys one to fit her face: A boy cares not for fancy dress, But little sis likes the lace. DEVILISH GREY EYES.

There's one satisfaction. You don't have to carry a UNION card to PRINT a kiss on a co-teen's lips. EAMON O. S.

Evelyn—I'm awfully worried. Cortie—What's the matter now? Evelyn—Bob gave me my engagement ring a week ago, and I haven't been able to find out how much it cost. LEA E. BEE.

Oh, her name was Irene. And she wore crepe de chine; You could see more crepe than I. Than you could crepe de chine! V. W. M.

"BREAKS" IN LETTERS. I recently had a letter from a friend and it closed like this: "Will close now, as I am not feeling well. Hoping you are the same." BOCE.